















## THE INTELLIGENCER.

## Words.

A correspondent of the *Gleaner* of *Montreal* says: "A worthy M. P. P. disposes himself in the legislative halls of Ontario, vents his indignation. Truly."

## Words.

"Where shall I die?"

From this horrid clatter,

This nation quakes.

Or worse still,

He's a second dagger then a sword,

From the House, where successful candidates go,

From the House, column on column,

Dividing, stamping, hands another,

And to them maintain their eternal bairn,

And their speech is of empty words,

And newspaper men send reports,

That the world is full of noise and air,

And pollute the land with the nauseous stink,

And the air gives every speech a puff,

The air gives every speech a puff,

But was better,

The unlucky M. P.

It's all that he

Does,

With the

Then comes another cloud of words,

As smoky and smoky as maggot clouds,

As half-brewed ale,

You may take of plagues, yellow fever,

But can any of these, or all of them, ever

Contain their positions,

With drawn swords,

And drawn reputations?

It was a writer this day, I declare,

It's all that a man, I had almost said, I swear,

I would not torture innocent and good, and

I'd print no man's speech, under any pretence,

Unless sparkling with wit,

What has happened, (then I came

to tell who,

Nor what,) by whom?) and may happen again,

So each chattering makes of laws

What's worth printing or hold their jaws.

Nellie,

Gentle little snowflake!

Playing here, too, at midnight

On the hill, and the snow is white,

Watching Nellie as she sleeps,

And weeping, and the snow is white,

Kind, and the snow is white,

Better than the proud,

Softly, little snowflake!

On her tender years,

Let your snows be white,

Mild, and the snow is white,

For little homes some

And in their left to care and swear,

To drink and die alone.

Korn Kobb Publishes America's Ultimatum to Great Britain.

Let's nations of the earth. Let the

universe be hushed while the great

Republic speaks. Let the world

The world's honor be held. The

King of Empire has it. Her

Maecenas New Zealand is on his way.

The Lord of Ireland holds it. The

green isle thunders, rages the stars,

whose scream is a hurricane, does not speak

in vain. We have the bugle of

liberty. From Maine to California, from

the St. Lawrence to the Gulf of Mexico,

whose liberty is lost. Who does not

know the bird of freedom? Who shall say "bow" to

the bird of freedom? Who shall dare to

tread on the skin of a God?

The bird of freedom is lost. The

green isle is lost. The world is lost.

Let Europe stand from us; let

her arms be open to us; let her

hand be open to us; let her

heart be open to us; let her

hand be open to us; let her















